

THE
GENERAL.

[Price Half a Crown.]

Speedily will be published,

The SECOND VOLUME of

A TRIP to the MOON.

THE
GENERAL.

A
POEM.

Respectfully inscribed to the Right Honourable the

Marquis of GRANBY.

By the AUTHOR of

A TRIP to the MOON.

—*nequeo mōnstrare, et sentio tantum.* JUV.

'Tis what I feel, yet strive in vain to show.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. NICOLL, and W. BRISTOW, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*;
and C. ETHERINGTON, in *York*.

MDCCLXIV.

August.

GENERAL

P O E M

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A TRIP TO THE MOON.

—represents man's first step in space—
"Tis what I feel, yet strive in vain to show."
Jav.

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and C. Henshaw, in Pall Mall.

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T H E

G E N E R A L.

IMMORTAL Shade! of each immortal Name!
That shines recorded in the Lists of *Fame*;
Not those who from hereditary Light,
With the false Glare of borrow'd Beams are bright;
But such as Merit with rich Blood combine,
Reflecting Honour on a Noble Line;
That like the *Phoenix*, with peculiar Grace,
Unstain'd preserve the Beauties of their Race.
If the frail Bustle of this transient State
With immaterial Spirits can have Weight,
From those *Ætherial* Mansions where you rest,
Star-crown'd, in Pomp of virtuous Glory blest,
B Propitious

Propitious come—an honest Muse inspire—
 Nerve her weak Wing—lend *your* heroic Fire—
 With your undaunted Ardour lead her on,
 And teach her, *Eagle-like*, to view the Sun:
 None but the Bird of Jove should tempt a Flight,
 That rushes on a Blaze of cloudless Light.

First, JUSTICE come with thy impartial Scale,
 Left *Prejudice* or *Int'rest* should prevail;
 Take from *Reflection* ev'ry Power of Thought,
 Ere that a single Compliment be *bought*;
 Shield *Reason's* Eye with thy protecting Hand,
 From the dread Influence of PACTOLIAN Sand;
 Which, scatter'd by *Corruption* as she flies,
 Pretending Patriots choaks—or dims their Eyes;
Corruption, who, as MIDAS could of old,
 With magic Touch turns any Thing to Gold,
 Locks up the Senses, or inverts their Power,
 Melting the hardest Heart with DANAE's Show'r.
 Nor yet let pois'nous Rage her Venom spit,
Satire run mad is the *Buffoon* of Wit;
 From whose foul Mouth no Character's secure,
 That lays the Bastard Vice at any Door;

That

That prays or curses, wheedles or knocks down,
Urg'd by that powerful Motive—*Half a Crown*.

Wither such *Bays*—if any *Bays* can rise
Beneath the Influence of such churlish Skies;
Where no mild Gleams of Summer cheer the Plain,
But Storms and everlasting Winter reign;
Bays which, like *Nightshade*, scatter Poison round,
Infect the circling Air—profane the Ground;
Call forth *Destruction* from her dark Abodes,
And with fell Venom swell ten thousand Toads.

Honest may CHURCHILL be, for ought I know,
Some Lines depict him, and I wish him so:
Let him enjoy his Profit and his Praise,
In these so politic and gen'rous Days;
Let him successfully pursue his Plan,
And prey upon the tend'rest Part of Man;
Blushless, remorseless, and without Control,
Plunder *th' immediate Jewel of the Soul*:
Let him, *Humanity* thrown quite aside,
Indulge his Spleen, his Int'rest, or his Pride;
Let him in *Scandal* wade thro' Thick and Thin,
To praise each *Out*—and censure ev'ry *In*:

Let

Let him, to please a Crowd of Knaves and Fools,
 Paint MONARCHS, or their MINISTERS, as Tools:
 Let him, still more to prostitute the MUSE,
 A neighb'ring Nation by the *Lump* abuse:
 Let him, in boundless Rage, pronounce the Lot
 Of blackest Infamy to ev'ry Scot:
 Let him, like Humankind's imperial * Foe,
 Wish to behead them at a single Blow:
 Let him, if not content to rail at home,
 O'er the submissive World's wide Limits roam;
 Fit to engage a single Foe or Host,
 Ready to fight a NABOB or a *Ghost*:
 From Clime to Clime Malevolence transfer,
 Distinguish'd—*Nature's Executioner*.
 All this, as gracious *Heav'n* in Mercy sends
 Plagues to perplex us for peculiar Ends,
 With Patience will we bear—but let him pause—
 Nor longer dare, in raging *Party's* Cause,
 (*Party*, of whom it may be justly said,
 Behold a Monster! without Heart or Head,
 By Madness, Av'rice, Pride, and Jealousy,
 Ingender'd on the Snake-lock'd Sisters three,
 While Tyrant *Satire* waves her bloody Rod)
 So oft to trifle with an awful GOD.

* *Caligula*.

That GOD whose Service to become a *Wit*,
The *Rev'rend* BARD most piously hath quit;
And why? Because—Oh Reason most divine—
His narrow Income could not purchase *Wine*.
That GOD, who, were he cruel to this Earth,
As *Men* to *Men* for Profit are or Mirth,
With sportive Thunder would confound the whole,
Nor spare e'en mighty CHURCHILL's *Patriot* Soul.

Think not, mistaken Bard, I am thy Foe,
I neither know thee, nor can wish to know:
Reflected in thy Works thy Mind I view,
And grieve to find it of a Sable Hue:
Strong Beams of *Genius* gild the STYGIAN Gloom,
And *fancy* Webs there in her finest Loom;
Expression well arrays her verbal Band,
And *Judgment* leads them with a Master Hand;
While JANUS-fronted Int'rest flily waves
A flaming Banner to all Party Slaves;
Whose gaudy Hieroglyphics catch the Eye,
A poor fantastic Shade of *Liberty*.
This Patch-work Medley, blending Right and Wrong,
An impious, moral, soothing, sneering Song,

C

That

That shows the tortur'd *Muse* in various State,
 Now bred at *Court*, now fresh from *Billingsgate*,
 May cheat the Sensible, or charm the Rude,
 May steal or thunder through the Multitude.

For my poor Part, by various Passions wrought,
 I praise the Numbers while I damn the Thought;
 I weep to see such Flights of Golden Darts,
 With deadly Poison tipp'd, to rankle Hearts;
 And, while the lovely Snake-like Verse I scan,
 Praise crowns the *Bard*—while Censure marks the *Man*.

What has provok'd this unknown Scribe, you'll say,
 This feeble, nameless Mushroom of a Day;
 This unfledg'd Rhimer to attempt a Flight,
 When such a *Falcon Muse* appears in Sight?
 What could induce the unimpassion'd Elf,
 Who wishes me unfeeling as himself;
 What Motives have arous'd the slumb'ring Drone,
 Thus to assault me on *Satiric* Throne?
 ME! ME! a Monosyllable of Weight,
 To give a thousand grov'ling Reptiles Fate;
 Can such a lifeless and insipid Thing
 E'er hope to pierce me with his feeble Sting?

As

As well a Bee, that hunts the flow'ry Field,
Might strive to wound thro' AJAX' seven-fold Shield:
Mankind must ridicule so dull an Ass,
Who breaks his Hoof against a *Front of Brass*.

Some Water-drinking Sprite—for gen'rous *Wine*
Would make a native Blockhead brighter shine:
Wine which he sneers at in his tart Reproof,
As turning *poor* Divinity aloof:
With my own Weapons dares my pond'rous Rage,
A DAVID to GOLIAH on the Stage.

Well hast thou pictur'd my unequal Force,
But think *that* DAVID check'd the GIANT's Course;
I own thee Proof 'gainst all Attacks of Shame,
Plung'd over Head and Ears in SHANNON's * Stream;
But hast thou too with great ACHILLES try'd
The mighty Pow'r of STYX's awful Tide?
Is there no Spot wherein to make thee feel?
Yes, CONSCIENCE will convert thee all to Heel.

To please no *Patron*, nor to grasp at *Pelf*,
Slave to no *Party*—I oppose myself:

Free

* A River in *Ireland*, whose Water is said to bless those dipp'd in it with invincible Assurance.

Free by my Birth, still freer by my Heart,
 Of injur'd Humankind I take the Part;
 Boldly I stand 'gainst *Passion's* dang'rous Sway,
 And with cool *Wisdom* take the Middle Way;
 Yet not so cold, but, for my Country's Good,
 In Danger's Onset I could spill my Blood;
 Give freely my poor All to aid her Cause,
 To guard her KING, and, guarding him, her LAWS.

With Generosity and Friendship fir'd,
 Why may not bounteous TEMPLE be admir'd?
 TEMPLE! whose Principles reflected show
 The Richness, Taste, and Elegance of STOWE.
 Tho' diff'ring Statesmen may explode his Aim,
 Why may not DEVONSHIRE true Glory claim?
 Whose steady Temper, and whose honest Heart,
 Are nobly form'd to act a *Patriot* Part.
 May we not safely honour and commend
 In ROCKINGHAM a BRUNSWICK's faithful Friend?
 WENTWORTH! whose Virtues act without Controul,
 Not more a Lord in Title than in Soul:
 WENTWORTH! whose Noble Deeds his Mind approve;
 WENTWORTH! whom Men and *Liberty* must Love.

**Marquis of Rockingham.*

Of

Of silver-hair'd NEWCASTLE kindly sing,
 A well-defigning Servant of his KING,
 Tho' now, perhaps, o'erpow'r'd with num'rous Years,
 Unfit to bear a Nation's cumb'rous Cares.

Hating, like SWIFT, a BISHOP for his Place,
 Can we no Beauties in a DRUMMOND trace? *Archbishop of York.*
 Shall modest *Truth* restrain her honest Tongue,
 And leave him in the undistinguish'd Throng?
 A *Prelate* by his *Virtues* dignify'd,
 Just without Rigour, awful without Pride;
 Pious without enthusiastic Flame,
 All that sheds Lustre on a sacred Name,
 Shines Rev'rend YORK—compleat in ev'ry Sense,
Religion's Pride, and Boast of *Eloquence*.

Why should we fear to speak a SAVILE's * Praise,
 Whose Merits would adorn the richest Lays?
 SAVILE! whom Wisdom views with doating Eye,
 Patron of calm and decent *Liberty*:
 SAVILE! to *Public Good* alone inclin'd,
 The Friend of *Britain*, and of Humankind.

Would it seem Treason, or a Lack of Wit,
 To hail an able Minister in PITT?

* Sir GEORGE.

To say his Counfels gave a Nation Weight,
The Thunderbolt of *Eloquence* and State?
Reason cries no, *Intention* is the Base
On which the Pile of *Praise* or *Shame* we place.
Should we reverse the Medal, and portray
Those who prevail in Ministerial Sway,
Fit to supply with Grace their arduous Parts,
Possess'd of shining Talents, upright Hearts,
Would REASON and BRITANNIA cry out Shame,
Branding our Numbers with a venal Name?
Let us hope not—the Number is but small
That Councils guide, and cannot take in all:
This we may say beyond the Reach of Doubt,
Some *Honest* and some *Able* must be out;
Thence can we not infer, devoid of Sin,
None *Honest* or none *Able* that are in.

As does *Religion*, Politics afford
More than one Way to serve the *Sov'reign Lord*;
Poor is that Soul, in its own Notions blest,
That, chusing one strait Path, damns all the rest;
As by unerring Wisdom we are taught
That the most Perfect are not without Fault:
A noble *Emulation* may divide,
And *Honesty* be found on ev'ry Side.

Shame

Shame to *black Scandal*, or *foul-fac'd Reproach*,
 Cast at a Man on Foot, or in a Coach;
 The spatt'ring *Bard*, whatever his Pretence,
 Is but a filthy Scavenger of Sense:
 Great Minds with Pleasure Emulation feel,
 But meagre *Envy* trips at Virtue's Heel.

Let us correct, but not with Whips of Steel,
 Feathers more winningly instruct to feel;
 One Tickling leads to each defective Part,
 The other, sluicing Blood, benumbs the Heart.

Oh may the *Muse*, debauch'd, ne'er prove so loose
 To stain herself with *general Abuse*;
 Impartial, may she be in *Honour* bold,
 Nor praise, nor censure, at the Chink of *Gold*.

Here, for myself, I boldly must declare
 Against Ill-nature everlasting War:
 Whether in *Busy Bodies'* whisp'ring Tales
 The carping, mean, illiberal Fiend prevails;
 Whether in Friendship's fair Pretences dress'd,
 She deeply wounds the unsuspecting Breast,

Locks

Locks up from Poverty a fruitless Store
Of Triumphs in a ruthless Creditor ;
Whether, a venal Weathercock of Time,
She spits her Venom or in *Prose* or *Rhime*,
From me the Serpent never shall escape,
Tho', PROTEUS-like, she hourly change her Shape.
If to *immortal* FAME she points the Way,
And she alone may mine with Speed decay,
May it go with me to the peaceful Grave,
My Tomb declaring to each Fool and Knave,
That Views of Profit, Pomp, or Praise of Men,
Could never warp my Heart, nor gall my Pen.

Yet wherefore should I fondly speak of FAME,
Can Lays so humble hope a lasting Name?
To Pastry-Cooks and Trunk-Makers a Prey,
My Works will feel precipitate Decay ;
While mighty CHURCHILL's stand erect on high,
FAME's dreadful Gibbet to Futurity.

Is there no honest Path to lengthen Life?
Must a sequester'd *Muse* engage in Strife?
Must she cast off the Coynefs of a Maid,
Or faster than a Nine-days Wonder fade?

Methinks

Methinks I hear the Voice of FAME reply,
Hold, I've a darling Object in my Eye;
Let wing'd *Imagination* deck her Plumes,
And *Virtue* sacrifice her best Perfumes,
Let *Honour*, *Conquest*, *Freedom*, all combine
'To nerve each Thought, and animate each Line;
A noble Theme shall dignify thy Lays,
And the World gladly hang on GRANBY's Praise.
Thus, Wren-like, couch'd beneath the *Eagle's* Wing,
Tower thou may'st aloft, and safely sing;
While far more tuneful Songsters in their Flight,
Wanting such Aid, shall sink in endless Night.

Proud of the Task, unequal to its Weight,
With glad Submission I attend my Fate.

Dread *War*! enthron'd upon thy sanguine Shrine,
No Touch of soft Humanity is thine:
On a rude Rock, amidst a dreary Waste,
Is thy unhospitable *Temple* plac'd;
Sprung from the impious Bones of murd'rous CAIN,
Gorg'd with the Carcasses of Millions slain,
Thy *Temple*, Desolation's Magazine,
An awful! savage! and terrific Scene!

Behold *Ambition* stretching blood-stain'd Hands;
 Impatient at the rav'ning Portal stands;
 In vain the *Widow's* Cries, the *Orphan's* Tears,
 Or *Nature's* Groans, assault thy callous Ears.
 Deaf as the Raging of a boundless Wind,
 That only prostrate Ruin leaves behind;
 Parent of Horrors! which still mark thy Way,
 Hateful and sick'ning to the Eye of Day:
 Fit only; like fell Monsters of the Wood,
 To haunt in Deserts, and there proul for Blood:
Lion of Kings! let loose at their Command,
 To stalk tremendous o'er each ravag'd Land.

Death, grimly frowning in nocturnal State,
 Lowrs on thy Brow, Prime Minister of Fate:
 Whether thou bidst him rush in liquid Streams,
 (Dire Emblems of the Light'ning's sulph'rous Gleams)
 Or wing'st him in the Steel's Eye-piercing Flash,
 When trusty Blades in hardy Combat clash;
 Whether he points the bearded Jav'lin's Blow,
 Or issues from the Poison-teeming Bow;
 Whether, in artificial Earthquakes borne,
 While Rocks lament their flinty Entrails torn,
 He bursts embattled Multitudes on high,
 Piercing,

Piercing, with horrid Roar, the trembling Sky:
Whether, thro' mean Blockade and Famine's Sting,
The Brave are conquer'd by this *fleshless King*,
Th' insatiate Monster still obeys thy Call,
And, sweeping off Distinction, levels all:
Teaching this Lesson to o'er-swelling Pride,
That Dust and Humankind are near ally'd.

What! says the Miser, gloting on his Pelf,
The shining Idol! more than second Self,
Won't all my Store, my countless Thousands, save
From the cold Comforts of the icy Grave?
Shall penniless Companions share the Ground
Where I am laid, with equal Honour crown'd?

How! cries the Hypocrite, with Saint-like Show,
Can't my Devotion check this mortal Foe?
Can't all the Splendor of my sparkling Eyes
Disarm his Cruelty, the *Belle* replies?

The Skeleton retorts, with hollow Tone,
Gold, Pow'r, and Beauty bend before my Throne:
One only Method can subdue my State,
Be truly good, and I'm no longer great.

Second

Second in Pow'r *Captivity* appears,
 Circled with galling Chains and chilling Fears;
 More dreadful and more tort'rous to the Brave,
 Than all the solemn Terrors of the Grave.
 Sable Affliction's most affecting Goad!
 Painful Existence, Misery's Abode!
 Bane to each social Feeling of the Heart,
 PROMETHEAN VULTURE to each vital Part!
 Whether we view thee in the sunless Caves,
 Where fell *Inquisitors* immure their Slaves;
 Wolves of *Religion*, crown'd with hellish Flames,
 Whom bleeding Pity, fill'd with Horror, names:
 Whether we find thee at the lab'ring Oar,
 (Sad Monuments of arbitrary Pow'r)
 Or trace thee to SIBERIA's dreary Plains,
 Where painful Solitude with Exile reigns;
 Exhaustless Fountain of corroding Care,
 Thee next in Pow'r we find to *Death* and *War*.

Friends to the dreadful, the united Three,
 Foes to calm Peace and smiling *Liberty*,
 Behold aspiring GAULS, in dark Debate,
 Framing DÆDALIAN *Labyrinths* of State:

Fabrics

Fabrics most fair, and grateful to the View,
Enter not, Honesty, without a Clue.

There vainly Oaths and Treaties plead their Cause,
The Faith of Nations, and their mutual Laws :
Gewgaws of Conscience, Rattles of the Brain,
Mere Speculation, delicate and vain.
Far other Motives *GALLIC Bosoms* move,
Than the Ætherial Sparks of Patriot Love ;
A lawless Thirst of Universal Pow'r,
Still makes them wish, and ready to devour ;
Nor heed the Means, how bloody or how dark,
So Laurels spring to deck their *Grand Monarque*.

Their Principles and Manners brought to View,
Behold a skipping, fawning, faithless Crew ;
A *Masquerade*, where Characters are shown
In ev'ry outside Likeness but their own :
A Tribe of Mimes, with Feathers trimm'd, and Lace,
Made up of Dancing, Chatter, and Grimace ;
As *Parrots* talkative, as *Peacocks* vain,
Deceit and *Folly's* motley-colour'd Train :
Such shines the sad Majority of *FRANCE*,
Where *Virtue's* all compriz'd in—*Complaisance*.

Can it be strange that such a Contrast should
 Still thirst for BRITISH Wealth and BRITISH Blood?
 That, Slaves themselves, they, with malignant Eye,
 Behold and languish for our *Liberty*?
 That, like th' arch Fiend, to work their subtle Ends,
 They wish to stab us in the Shape of Friends;
 Since well they know, when open Force prevails,
 Their Levity must kick up in the Scales.

Reason might well expect all this, and more,
 As the sure Product of their Serpent Shore:
 But for th' *Imperial Eagle*, brave and rude,
 To stain her Glory with Ingratitude,
 To aim Annoyance at the friendly KING,
 Who had so lately plum'd her drooping Wing,
 Staggers Credulity, bids Honour haste,
 And hide his Blushes in some dreary Waste;
 Since, in the Face of wond'ring Heav'n and Men,
 THERESA GEORGE forgot, and DETTINGEN.

When lawless Depredations spread Alarms,
 Which BRITAIN forc'd unwillingly to Arms:
 When Forts were rais'd in unsuspecting Climes,
 And harmless Villagers, in peaceful Times,

Like

Like Sheep were scatter'd o'er a barren Plain,
Or by the Tribe of scalping Butchers slain:
While Wives (dead Husbands welt'ring in their View)
First serv'd the Lust of the rapacious Crew;
Then gladly sacrific'd their final Breath,
So to escape *such* Ministers of Death;
Who, practis'd in the savage, slaught'ring Trade,
In Cruelties refin'd their Art display'd.
When leagu'd with *Savages*, more virtuous far
Than those who plung'd them in the Gulph of War,
FRANCE rang'd in Blood whole *Provinces* along,
Horrid to tell—as merciless as strong;
Taught Ruin thro' our *Colonies* to roam,
She treated us with Blandishments at home;
So Steel-ribb'd Dames, * with most alluring Grace,
Smile Men to Death, and kill with an Embrace.
While her back Settlements defenceless lay,
To uncheck'd Conquerors an easy Prey,
AMERICA, neglected, wept in Blood,
None the *Most Christian* Massacre withstood.

Strange

* This Distich alludes to the Mode of Punishment in some Countries, where an Iron Machine is dress'd up in the Form of a beautiful Woman with stretch'd out Arms, within whose Reach the Criminal being placed, he is immediately crush'd to Death.

Strange to be told, yet not more strange than right,
 Maternal ENGLAND, tho' she mourn'd the Sight,
 Lay totally unnerv'd, and slumber'd on,
 Till Danger proudly dar'd her native Throne:
 Till flush'd *Monfieurs* with Thousands lin'd each Coast,
 Invasion, with resistless Pow'r, their Boast;
 And, may it not be told an After-Age,
 May such a Blot ne'er stain historic Page,
 So much alarm'd the Guardians of our State,
 That *Foreign* Aid was call'd to baffle Fate.
 Oh dark Remembrance! future Glory's Foil—
 Brighter to show our Ocean-bounded *Isle*.
 The Sons of HESSE and HANOVER, tho' brave,
 Could never BRITAIN'S tott'ring *Freedom* save;
 On our own *Heroes* must our State rely,
 Who live to guard it, or to fail and die.

Some Armaments indeed, of gallant Show,
 Were order'd forth, to stop th' aspiring Foe;
 Some *North*, some *South*, some *East*, some *West* were sail'd,
 To what Effect?—each Expedition fail'd:
 Ill plann'd, or spiritless, each warlike Scheme
 Melted like Vapour, vanish'd like a Dream;

Which

Which racks, to no Effect, the tortur'd Mind,
And, like the Mountain lab'ring, leaves a Mouse behind.

At length the *Lion*, roaring from his Den,
Breath'd his rough Roar, so horrible to Men;
Rais'd his huge Mane, emblaz'd his glaring Eye,
Wav'd his fell Tail, and foam'd for Liberty:
With Fangs and Claws in terrible Array,
O'er trembling Nations took his lordly Way,
To scourge, with Sov'reign Rage, each Subject Beast
of Prey.

To show at large, and regularly trace,
The Flight of Fire-ey'd War from Place to Place,
Light by the Beams of his all-flaming Robe,
To traverse the four Quarters of the Globe;
To paint each Action, or to praise the Brave,
That conqu'ring fought on ev'ry Plain or Wave;
Thro' each Campaign successively to run,
Would want the Force and Fire of ADDISON:
Let me, content with more contracted View,
A *single* COMET's lucid Path pursue;
To show each Article in Order set,
Would make this Piece a versify'd *Gazette*:

Rough GERMAN Names would jar in ev'ry Line,
 Wound each nice Ear, and clog my whole Design;
 I aim not therefore at minuter Rays,
 But strive to give the whole collected Blaze;
 Whence my dull clay-form'd Image to inspire,
 PROMETHEUS-like, I'll steal celestial Fire.

Come MINDEN! made immortal by the Day,
 When pride-swell'd GALLIA's num'rous Host gave Way:
 Thou glorious blood-stain'd Theatre of FAME,
 Which future Ages shall with Transport name,
 With thee the Æra of our Glory fix,
 And wond'ring hail the conqu'ring Number Six:
 Battalions six! which, firm as ATLAS, stood
 Against the thund'ring Rage of War's tremendous
 Flood,
 Which durst the fiercest Shock of Fate abide,
 Breast cumb'rous Waves, repel the rapid Tide,
 And smile to see its Foam burst vain on ev'ry Side. }

Eager to make the glorious Work complete,
 Burning to catch the fav'ring Smiles of Fate,
 Leading our Squadrons with impatient Fire,
 With all the Spirit *Glory* could inspire,

With

With all the Zeal which *Patriot* Bosoms know,
Who see, and wish to rush upon the Foe,
Brave GRANBY charg'd—despising *languid* Rules,
War's Pedantry—that genuine Ardor cools:
By slow Precision into Practice brought,
That knows not when Occasion should be caught.

Trembling lest Merit should assume her Place,
And leave her ling'ring in the martial Chace,
Fortune, with Darts of pois'nous *Envy* stung,
Labour'd to blast his Laurels as they sprung;
Try'd what she could to stop his conqu'ring Way,
And dim the Lustre of that glorious Day;
In Frenzy's Rage thus *Victory* upbraids,
Hence, *British* Slave, while I protect *CONTRADES*;
Your haughty Masters mock my courted Pow'r,
To *LOUIS* I devote me from this Hour.
In Part she triumph'd, but each future Field,
Taught the reluctant Sorcerers to yield.

So in translucent Regions of the Sky,
When spotless Beams would strike the ravish'd Eye,
A momentary Cloud may intervene,
And fleeting Vapour dull the lucid Scene;

Which

Which, cleaving to the Bosom of the Gale,
Leaves pure unfully'd Æther to prevail,
Celestial Gems again attract the Sight,
And sparkling shine with double Lustre bright.

Wide is our Field for *Fancy's* vigorous Wing;
Fresh Images in rich Abundance spring;
Description, teeming with the crouded View,
Pants in the Chace, and labours to pursue;
While pining *Flatt'ry*, fill'd with envious Spleen,
And wond'ring Grief beholds the copious Scene,
Where matchless Tints in genuine Beauty blend,
That justly scorn so varnishing a Friend:
A Prospect she, reluctantly, must own
By *simple Truth* to most Advantage shown.

What are *Elogiums* on the *Good* and *Wise*?
Faint Tapers lab'ring to illume the Skies:
Revers'd, what are they to the *vicious Great*?
Lights to display the Rottenness of State.

We need not straining Panegyric use,
A licens'd Freedom of the *Magic Muse*,

To

To conjure ALEXANDER from his Grave,
And mortify his Pride with one *more* brave:
We need not bid the mighty JULIUS come,
To see a Race of *fresher Laurels* bloom:
We need not, fawning, give *our Theme* to Sight,
More stain'd with Blood than SCANDERBEG in Fight;
Whose single Arm, in one *romantic Day*,
So Story says, two thousand swept away.

Is it impossible to grace Command
Without a *light'ning Eye* or *thund'ring Hand*?
True Merit needs no *Foppington Display*,
In *Peacock Plumes* of vain *Hyperbole*;
But, like the Gems which light INDOSTAN'S Mines,
With native Worth and matchless Radiance shines.

To warm the Passions, and to wound the Heart,
Why should we play the Scenery of Art?
Bring to astonish'd Optics from afar,
The glitt'ring, dreadful Pageantry of *War*?
Why wound the harrow'd Ear with harsh Alarms,
Hoarse Drums, shrill Trumpets, and the Clink of Arms?
Why wake each tender Feeling of the Mind,
To weep the self-wrought Woes of Humankind;

H

To

To swell the fullen Streams of widow'd Eyes,
 To echo childless Parents' bursting Sighs?
 Why show the dread Effects of rav'nous Pow'r?
 Why flame the City, or subvert the Tow'r?
 Why should we give a melting Reader Pain,
 With Streams of Blood and Mountains of the Slain?
 Why picture, what the *Brave* must weep to see,
 Those dauntless Agents of *Necessity*?
 Who, while each Breast with patriot Ardor glows,
 For *Justice* fight—yet weep o'er dying Foes.

Glory!—bright Spark of an *Ætherial* Flame,
Humanity and thou art still the same:
 Megrim'd *Ambition* vainly strives to ape
 The Beauties of thy soul-enchancing Shape;
 Yet, like the painted Prostitute, can gain
 Some mad Admirers to adorn her Train;
 Like her too, with the Lures of gay Deceit,
 The *Cormorants* of *Policy* can cheat,
 Lead to Destruction's Brink—then headlong throw
 The tow'ring Fools to dreadful Depths below.

Not so *thou* treat'st thy votive gallant Swains,
 Who court, with rough Embrace, in martial Plains;
Who

Who on the Wings of Emulation tow'r,
 Free from the paltry Views of *Gain* or *Pow'r*;
 Who only shed their own or foreign Blood,
 To work, by noble Means, some *gen'ral Good*;
 Who bravely stand against oppressive Ill,
 And but from Principles of *saving—kill*.

Faithful as chaste PENELOPE to these,
 Undaunted by the War of Land or Seas,
 Thy radiant Beams adorn each Hero's Head,
 A GRANBY living, and a WOLFE when dead.

A WOLFE!—methinks I see the pearly Tear
 Stand swelling, trembling on its chrystal Sphere;
 Not so it gush'd, but in a rapid Tide,
 That Day when *our* EPAMINONDAS died;
 Like Flow'rs o'ercharg'd with Dew, you feebly bow,
 And a deep Sigh remembers gallant HOWE. *I have slain in America.*

More sweet than ARABY's Perfumes must rise,
 To smiling Heav'n such lovely Sacrifice;
 The laurell'd Shades receive it in its Flight,
 While circling Cherubs share their fond Delight.

But

But wherefore droop? return to BRITAIN'S Isle,
 And teach thy momentary Grief to smile;
 Amidst surviving Sons, securely rest
 In SAUNDERS, MONCKTON, HAWKE, and GRANBY blest.

Nor these alone—but should we speak of *All*
 Who bravely follow'd at thy arduous Call;
 Should we at Length recite each sev'ral Name,
 We must *monopolize* the *List* of FAME:
 A List from whence, expos'd to GALLIC Eyes,
 Dismay in trembling, lifeless Form must rise,
 Chill their proud Monarch on his tott'ring Throne,
 And, like MEDUSA'S Head, convert to Stone.

Oft have we heard of Heroes in the Field,
 Whose Courage forc'd the conquer'd Foe to yield;
Gen'als and *Men* adorn'd in ev'ry Sense,
 Save with the virtuous Beam *Benevolence*:
 That Beam divine! without whose cheering Ray
 The darken'd Soul admits no Gleam of Day.

Where is the Merit, with rapacious Hand,
 To conquer, but to desolate a Land?
 To

To feed his Appetite without Controul,
Behold the Beast of Prey rapacious proul;
Still *Instinct* justifies his hostile Life,
Instinct with *Reason* here at mortal Strife.

Shall MAN, tho' justly rous'd to *Self-Defence*,
(A rational, yet oft a false Pretence)
Without a Spark of Mercy in his Heart,
Ruthless perform a more than Savage Part?
Become to Humankind a lasting Curse,
To feed his Avarice and cram his Purse?
Not mov'd by Thirst of *Glory*, but of *Gain*,
Such Martial *Usurers* their Rank profane;
Yet such have been, and some—Oh Pain to speak—
Who more, if possible, through Honour break—
Who farther yet the shining Pelf pursue,
And rob the honest Soldiers of their Due.

Down, Indignation—keep thy Place below,
Nor let the Tide of just Resentment flow;
Leave with one Wish such Reptiles to their Fate,
Despis'd by *Honesty*, however great,
That of the sordid Crew it may be told,
Like CRASSUS, they, when dead, were gorg'd with Gold.

From this offensive Prospect let us fly,
 And haste to one that may delight the Eye;
 Behold a Portrait of uncommon Charms,
 To animate and grace the BRITISH Arms;
 Behold him giving Spirit full Career,
 Alike untouch'd by Cruelty or Fear;
 Behold his Breast with virtuous Ardor glow,
 Behold him conquer and regret the Foe;
 Behold him, from the sanguine Field retir'd,
 With GLORY in a milder Shape inspir'd;
 No proud luxurious Bashaw in Command,
 Behold him cherish with a soft'ring Hand;
 Behold his honest Heart and lib'ral Purse expand. }
 Behold him hospitable Aid afford,
 By timely Largeſs and obliging Word;
 Behold him, with a Parent's tender Eye,
 View, and each practicable Want ſupply;
 Behold him, Idol of each grateful Heart,
 Unite the *Gen'ral's* and Protector's Part!
 While Armies know not whether to commend,
 And love the Chief, the Father, or the Friend.
 Nor ſtops his Bounty here—behold around,
 Thro' all Degrees its kind Effects are found;
 Tow'ring

Tow'ring above imperfect Flesh and Blood,
It lights on all—an *universal Good*.
So sev'n-mouth'd NILUS, Source of Plenty, reigns
A well-tim'd Providence to thirsty Plains,
So swell his fertile Streams o'er Mother Earth,
So give they Plenty, Peace, and Gladness Birth.

This Portrait, tho' imperfect, it were Shame,
Like an ill Painter, to expose and name;
Yet should there one so ignorant appear,
So much sequester'd from the shining Sphere,
As not to know the Likeness we advance,
Of ALBION's Glory, and the Dread of FRANCE,
'To him in Words the HERO we unfold,
Such GRANBY is, and POMPEY was of old.

Thrice happy BRITAIN! Empress of the Main,
May Ages bless thee with a BRUNSWIC's Reign;
A BRUNSWIC worthy his illustrious Race,
Of virtuous Royalty the Pride and Grace;
KING of his People's Hearts!—to Vice a Rod,
The undissembling Servant of his God;
Not more with *Fame* and *public Virtue* fir'd,
Than with domestic Harmony inspir'd.

Mark!

Mark! Grandeur, mark! and imitate the Plan,
That dignifies the *Monarch* by the *Man*.

A BRUNSWIC form'd, as *Envy's* Self must own,
To fix and dignify his native Throne;
A BRUNSWIC on whose Glory-beaming Brows,
The Crown imperial double Radiance shows:
Not such destructive Beams as Flames inspire,
And wildly set the groaning World on Fire;
But such mild Influence as, in temp'rate Skies,
The Sun celestial sheds on human Eyes:
A BRUNSWIC steady in his Country's Cause,
Firm Basis of our *Liberty* and *Laws*.

Well for the World doth Providence provide
Such Instruments to check Ambition's Pride,
As wait the Signal of his Royal Hand,
Ready to guard, or to revenge his Land;
And wisely Pow'r is lodg'd in such a Heart
As cannot even *think* a Tyrant's Part;
A Heart that owns no Merit in Success,
But as it gives extended Pow'r to bless;
That all the Pomp of *Victory* disdains,
Unless when breaking proud Ambition's Chains:

Then

Then *Royalty* indeed may justly tow'r
Stemming the Tide of Arbitrary Pow'r.

Thus mighty GEORGE supports indulgent Sway,
While BRITONS gratefully with Pride obey.

Hear! Nations hear! nor envy while we sing,
Heav'n's choicest Blessings in a PATRIOT KING!

To all who hold BRITANNIA worth their Care,
(May those who do not ne'er her *Freedom* share)
This fervent Pray'r I faithfully propose,
May all the Comforts human Nature knows,
May all the Smiles of most indulgent Fate
Smooth to our KING th' Anxieties of State;
In the still Calm of a contented Soul
May filv'ring Years in long Succession roll;
And when—but why anticipate what *Time*
Must bring to pass in each Degree and Clime?
May all his Actions *Love* and *Honour* win,
Without all *Glory*, and all *Peace* within.

Religion's Ministers, may they be all
Attendant only upon Virtue's Call;

By Doctrine and Example mend their Flocks,
 Nor trade for Livings as the *Jews* for Stocks:
 May moral Merit make successful Way,
 And with *internal* gain *external* Pay;
 That, from an easy and sufficient Store,
 Bless'd in themselves, they may assist the Poor;
 Untouch'd with furious Zeal—(a hateful Name,
 That takes *Religion's* Shape, and proves her Shame;
 Breaks rudely thro' all hospitable Bounds,
 And Christian Harmony at once confounds)
 With Charity unbounded may they reach
 The saving Hand to All; and *Mercy* preach:
 Correct with *Tenderness*, instruct with *Smiles*,
 While Reformation crowns their pious Toils;
 Each *Pastor* in his own contented Sphere,
 To *Virtue*, as a *mitred* DRUMMOND, dear.

May *Senators*, unstain'd with *Int'rest*, feel
 Their Country's Wounds, and prove the Means to heal;
 Discharge their sev'ral Trusts with *Honour* fit,
 As bold, as quick, as uncorrupt as PITT.

Where tortur'd Law exalts her wrangling Voice,
 May godlike *Justice* be the gen'ral Choice;

Smile

Smile where she can, yet wear becoming Frowns,
Nor bend her Pow'r to supplicating Crowns:
May *Right*, at least, associate with the Fee,
And free-born *Juries* stand for *Liberty*;
May *Eloquence* and *Equity* unite,
As now in PRATT, to shield us and delight.

To guard imperfect Nature from Decay,
May all thy Sons, HIPPOCRATES, display
Knowledge Medicinal—and only give
The Means to make declining Patients live:
Not drain the Purse with multiplying Ills,
With fruitless Boluses and needless Pills;
But try, with learned Honesty, to save,
And cheat, like DEALTRY, the expecting Grave.

May *Commerce* ever sail thro' fav'ring Skies,
Free from th' Incumbrance of *Monopolies*;
Ne'er may her Sons, insatiate after Gold,
War's Crimson Banner hastily unfold;
Yet if again (as, Oh, too sure, I fear,
While faithless and insidious Foes are near)
Her hostile Blast should hurricane our *Isle*,
And all our present golden Hopes beguile;

If

If fire-breath'd *Até* should successful prove,
 And hungry *Vultures* chace the peaceful *Dove*,
 May Resolution *BRITISH* Councils wait,
 May Probity and Wisdom guide the State
 Where *Ministers* preside—nor factious Spleen,
 Incumb'ring clog the complicate Machine.

Yet with we not, with *HERMES'* slumb'rous Wand,
 To close such *ARGUS* Eyes as watch the Land;
 No, may they ever, for *BRITANNIA'S* Sake,
 Keep clearly independently awake.

When to War's *flinty Couch*, from Beds of Down,
 Our Heroes haste for Honour's deathless Crown,
 May Zeal unshaken brace each martial Heart,
 Well to perform the executive Part;
 Still may a *HAWKE* be found to sweep the Main,
 A *GRANBY* to adorn th' embattled Plain.

FINIS